

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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*The Castle de Warrenne.*

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XIV.

Thought teaches one to feel a friend's lost worth:  
When we have friends we trust them with our griefs;  
Our care lies lighten'd, and the mind sleeps calm.

SAVAGE.

TO return to our fugitives.—Wandering with Constantia on the banks of the river, Olivia gave way to a train of meditations, and was so far absorbed as to be regardless of the distance, till Constantia assured her that they had quitted the track. Turning to regain the right path, they heard voices among the trees, and presently were surrounded by a party of fiend-looking men, who, seizing, bound the trembling victims upon mules, and carried them off, notwithstanding they rent the air with their cries. The ruffians silenced them by savage menaces, and, compelled to obedience, they continued their journey.

At length, one of the men alighted at the entrance of a thick forest, and, after binding their eyes, Constantia found herself carried in the arms of a man, a considerable time, when, placed on the ground, the bandage was removed, and she vainly endeavoured to distinguish the surrounding objects.—All was dark and dreary.

Reduced to a sense of the horrors of her situation, she groped for the door, but soon found, by the coldness and moisture of the incased walls, that she was immured in a

noxious dungeon. Her watch, with several other valuable trinkets which she had about her, was gone, and her hair, which had been fastened up by pearl pins, now hung unconfined over her shoulders.

Alone and appalled, she threw herself upon the damp earth, and wasted her strength in unavailing sighs and tears. She called upon—her loved mother—her dear Olivia!—till a harsh, grating noise, and a clank as of a heavy chain falling round her, a man of ferocious aspect entered her prison, with a pitcher of water in one hand, a lamp and some bread in the other: he set them on the ground, and was retiring. Constantia caught his coat:—

“Stop—for Heaven's sake!” cried she, in a voice that might have subdued any breast endued with common humanity.—“Inform me, I conjure you, why I am detained here?—Where is my Olivia?—Restore me to my friends!”—He grinned maliciously.

“That,” rejoined the wretch “I cannot do: it would be fine fun to waste so much time in catching you, to let you go again for nothing;—but, I can tell you, it is in your own power to be much better off. Our Captain is a noble fellow; but t'other Madam gives herself such airs, there's no bearing it.”

“Oh, heavens!” cried Constantia, “she is safe!—Stop, stop, my dear friend;—I will give you all the money I have, if you will but let me have a sight of my Olivia!”—Then, feeling in her pocket, she cried—“Oh, God!—all my money is gone!”

“Do not cry, my pretty dear,” said he, with a sneer: “Don Roderique will give you more, if you will be but civil.”—Then locking the gate, without attending to her remonstrances, he again left her to herself.

All the horrors of her fate now darted upon her recollection with redoubled keen-

ness and she was almost overcome with the bitterness of anguish. A faint light now broke through the high grated window of her dungeon, which she soon, by its increasing strength, discovered to be the break of day. This cheering sight imparted a ray of comfort to her almost broken heart, and she swallowed, with some tranquillity, the portion of food allotted her.

Inspired with fresh vigour, she arose from her damp seat, and perceiving, at the further end of the cave, a narrow-vaulted passage, she determined to explore its recesses. Unversed in modern romance, she thought not of what she might encounter, and hoped that it would lead to some out-gate, thro' which she might escape: she proceeded in her venture with spirit, the hope of emancipation overcoming every other consideration. The passage was dark and perplexed, with many turnings, while the excessive swampiness of the ground caused her feet to sink into such a depth, that she with difficulty extricated them.

At length the cavern opened into a spacious area, which branched off in several passages; at the end of one of them she could just distinguish the spires of a gate. She advanced to it with intrepidity, and shook it with all her might, in hopes to make it yield. All her efforts, though exerted by despair, were ineffectual, and she was about to return, discouraged, to her dismal cave; when a deep groan, not many paces from her, arrested her trembling steps, and she stood motionless with affright, not daring to breathe, lest some one should seize her. She continued fixed, when again the groan was repeated.

Summoning all her courage, she raised her voice with emphasis, and said—“If any one is, like me, a wretched captive in this dismal place, in pity speak, and by participation lighten the horrors of captivity!”

Again she listened:—a loud shrill scream made the vaulted roofs resound, and in a moment appeared at the gate—Olivia!—What a meeting!—Constantia thrust her hands through the bars with eagerness to embrace her friend, rendered divinely dear by their mutual misfortunes.

"Ah!" cried she, "is there no means of communication with you!—Hated bars, that separate me from my friend!"

Constantia, my love," said Olivia, in a faint voice, "cease these transports. Too soon, I fear, we shall be discovered. Return to your dungeon: you will soon be visited by your detested goaler, from whom you will learn your fate; then return hither, and we will bewail our misfortunes."

Constantia kissed the hand extended thro' the grate, and, almost blinded by her tears, returned to her solitary cell. Scarcely had she thrown her limbs, which were, from the violent damps, already afflicted with excruciating pain, upon the earth, ere her dungeon was opened, and her goaler appeared, followed by a man of majestic figure and commanding aspect, in whom she traced prominent features, displaying pride, cruelty, and cunning. Smoothing the sternness of his brow, he advanced to Constantia, and seizing her hand, which, with a look of horror she attempted forcibly to withdraw, said,

"Can you, Madam, pardon the severity with which you have, unknown to me, been treated?—I much fear, that the rigour of your confinement has taught you to behold with aversion the unfortunate Roderique."

Constantia replied only with a look of ineffable disdain.

"Speak, charming girl," he continued in an impressive tone.—"What is your pleasure, and you shall instantly be obeyed?—All here are your devoted slaves."

Constantia looked round with an air of sullen dignity, as if to say—Who is the slave?—He resumed:—

"No longer shall this miserable spot conceal so much beauty. Suffer me to conduct you to an apartment more suitable to you."

She repulsed his proffered hand with a look of undissembled detestation. His features instantly wore a look of surprise and mortification, which was speedily changed into rage, when, sinking on her knees, she cried—"Sooner may the earth open and swallow me!"

"Tis well, Madam," replied he, smoothing his anger: "a time may come when you will seek for my present despised offers of service with alacrity. When hunger and distress have subdued the pride of the haughty beauty, she will kneel and weep

to the disdained Roderique, who will then triumph over the vanquished fair.—Farewell, Madam," continued he, tauntingly: "be virtue and repentance your banquet."

As soon as she heard the heavy chain replaced, she flew to the prison of Olivia; as she approached the grating, she heard voices in loud altercation, and, fearful of discovery, paused ere she proceeded farther. She instantly recollected the accents of Roderique, who exclaimed, with much violence—

"By heaven, Madam, I will not be trifled with. I will not bear this scorn: either submit to my will, or both shall suffer under my glorious vengeance!"

The voice of her friend, in supplication, she next heard; and the sound of doors closing convinced her that all was safe. She ventured again to go forward, and, reaching the gate, she softly called—"Olivia." She instantly appeared, and Constantia related to her what had passed between herself and Roderique. "Ah! my dear girl," said Olivia, "I know it well.—What a fate are we reserved for! We are now in the hands of that barbarous murderer, who, for his depredations, is the terror of the whole country. Death and dishonour, perhaps both, await us, whichever way we turn!—My own fate I care little for: my life is already too miserable to desire a prolongation of it; and were I sure that, by a compliance with his detested wishes, I could ensure the safety of my Constantia, I should have but little care; but I too well know that we both are reserved for one horrid purpose."

"Sooner would I die," cried Constantia, "than submit to such an outrage! Ah! Olivia, had we but the means, you should see what I would dare to preserve myself from violation!"

"Nobly spoken," cried Olivia: "the resolution is worthy my dear friend; and, surely Heaven favours our intentions, and will, under such circumstances, pardon an act otherwise impious."

Saying this, she stooped to the ground, and picked up a dagger.

"See!" cried she, "Providence has sent us this for the defence of our virtue: let us not hesitate to put it to the use, doubtless, designed by our invisible guardians to preserve us from disgrace."

Constantia hid her face with her robe.—

"Dreadful means!" said she, her voice broken by extreme perturbation.

"Are you, then, afraid?" demanded Olivia with incoherent vehemence.—"Then Constantia refuses to share the fate of her friend!"

"Ah—no!" screamed the affrighted girl, grasping the hand upraised to give the fatal blow.—"Death has no terrors for me; but, surely my friend, to rush—unprepared—presumptuously!"

Olivia paused.—"True!" cried she, recollecting herself;—"I had forgot!" Then, putting her hand through the gate, said—"Farewell, my friend!—may we meet in happier regions. Fear not to follow my example—I die an enviable death—Entail not upon your family a disgraceful stain, by a life of infamy!—Remember me!"

She was prevented from proceeding by a dreadful tumult. The earth seemed to tremble; loud out-cries and noises were heard above them; and a crash, as of the whole foundation giving way, resounded through the cavern.

"Oh, haste!" cried Olivia, with frantic terror—"Let us secure ourselves beyond the reach of the vengeance of the wretch's assistants: this is but some scheme to decoy us from our cells. Now, my beloved friend, a last farewell!"

Saying this, she raised her eyes to Heaven with a look of fortitude; and, heedless of the tremendous scream that Constantia uttered, plunged the weapon in her breast and fell, weltering in blood, upon the ground.

Agonized at this scene, Constantia struck her head against the bars which separated her from the lifeless body of Olivia; calling in vain on her name, and making the dungeon ring with her cries.

Meanwhile the noise continued with increasing violence: the alarm bell was furiously sounded from above, and all seemed in confusion. Unable to hold out any longer against the dread which seized her, Constantia sunk on her knees, imploring the Almighty for protection.—The beloved form of her parent darted across her fleeting senses—mists glided before her eyes—and her whole soul sickened with terror. Approaching footsteps assailed her ears, and the gates of the prison were forced open. Seeming-conscious of the action, she raised the weapon, yet reeking with the blood of her friend, and was about to plunge it in her own breast, when a party of men entered, bearing lights. Their leader instantly darted forward, and, snatching the dagger from her, cried—

"Fear not, Madam:—we are your deliverers."

Constantia could only exclaim—"Heaven be praised!—Oh, save my Olivia!" pointing to where she lay, and fainted in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



*A curious and interesting Account of the Rafts or Timber Floats, on the Rhine.*

From Mrs. RADCLIFFE'S TOUR.

THESE consist of the fellings of almost every German forest, which, by streams, or short land carriages, can be brought to the Rhine. Having passed the rocks of Bingen and the rapids of St. Goar, in small detachments, the several rafts are compacted at some town not higher than Andernach, into one immense body, of which an idea may be formed from this list of dimensions.

The length is from 700 to a 1000 feet; the breadth from 50 to 90; the depth when manned with the whole crew, usually 7 feet. The trees in the principal rafts are not less than 70 feet long, of which 10 compose a raft.

On this sort of floating island, 500 labourers of different classes are employed, maintained and lodged, during the whole voyage; and a little street of deal huts is built upon it for their reception. The captain's dwelling and kitchen are distinguished from the other apartments, by being somewhat better built.

The first rafts, laid down in this structure are called the foundation, and are always either of oak, or fir-trees, bound together at their tops, and strengthened with firs, fastened upon them crossways by iron spikes. When this foundation has been carefully compacted, the other rafts are laid upon it, the trees of each being bound together in the same manner, and each *stratum* fastened to that beneath it. The surface is rendered even; storehouses and other apartments are raised; and the whole is again strengthened by large masts of oak.

Before the main proceed several thin and narrow rafts, composed only of one floor of timbers, which being held at a certain distance from the float by masts of oak, are used to give it direction and force, according to the efforts of the labourers upon them.

Behind it are a great number of small boats, of which fifteen or sixteen, guided by seven men each, are laden with anchors and cable; others contain articles of light rigging, and some are used for messages from this populous and important fleet to the towns, which it passes. There are twelve sorts of cordage, each having a name used by the float-masters; among the largest are cables of four hundred yards long, and eleven inches in diameter. Iron chains are also used in several parts of the structure.

The consumption of provisions on board such a fleet is estimated for each voyage at fifteen or twenty thousand pounds of fresh meat, between forty and fifty thousand pounds of bread, ten or fifteen thousand

pounds of cheese, one thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of butter, eight hundred or one thousand pounds of dried meat, and five or six hundred tons of beer.

The apartments on the deck are, first, that of the pilot, which is near one of the magazines, and, opposite to it, that of the persons called masters of the float; another class called masters of the valets, and then that of the sub-valets; and after this are the cabins of the tyroleis, or last class of persons employed in the float, of whom eighty or an hundred sleep upon straw in each, to the number of more than four hundred in all. There is lastly, one large eating-room, in which the greatest part of this crew dine at the same time.

The pilot, who conducts the fleet from Andernach to Dusseldorf, quits it there, and another is engaged at the same salary, that is, at 500 florins, or £.42 sterling; each has his sub-pilot, at nearly the same price. About twenty tolls are paid in the course of the voyage, the amount of which varies with the size of the fleet, and the estimation of its value, in which latter respect, the proprietors are so much subject to the caprice of custom-house-officers, that the first signal of their intention to depart is to collect all these gentlemen from the neighbourhood, and to give them a grand dinner on board. After this, the float is sounded and measured, and their demands upon the owners settled.

On the morning of departure, every labourer takes his post, the rowers on their benches, the guides of the leading rafts on theirs, and each boat's crew in its own vessel. The eldest of the valet-masters then makes the tour of the whole float, examines the labourers, passes them in review, and dismisses those who are unfit. He afterwards addresses them in a short speech; recommends regularity and alertness, and repeats the terms of engagement, that each shall have five crowns and a half, besides provisions, for the ordinary voyage; that in case of delay by accident, they shall work three days gratis; but after that time, each shall be paid at the rate of twelve cruitzers, about four pence per day.

After this, the labourers have a repast, and then each being at his post, the pilot, who stands on high near the rudder, takes off his hat, and calls out, "Let us pray." In an instant, there is the happy spectacle of all these numbers on their knees, imploring a blessing on their undertaking.

The anchors, which were fastened on the shores, are now brought on board, the pilot gives a signal, and the rowers put the whole float in motion, while the crews of the several boats play round to facilitate the departure.

Dort, in Holland, is the destination of all these floats, the sale of one which occupies several months, and frequently produces

from 350 to 500,000 florins, or more than £.40,000 sterling.

There are four floats that go every summer from Andernach to Holland.—The rapidity of the Rhine, and the bulk and unwieldiness of the float, render the navigation dangerous. The passage, if good, is from six to seven days, but if the water be low, and the wind violent and adverse, it may be as many weeks. Several anchors are carried, and the float lies at anchor every night. In the evening, the anchors are taken into the boats and carried to the shore. The strong motion of the float drags them at first, but this motion slackens, and the float at last becomes stationary.

The pay of each man, as before observed is only five or six dollars. Having arrived at the place of destination, they form themselves into parties, of seven each, club their pay, and then shoot for the whole; and the losers are obliged to beg their way home.

## THE BASHFUL STUDENT.

A Student at Law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity; not that he was overburdened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assurance and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by a continued exercise. To obey the injunctions of his father, he determined to read at the *Ministry*. In order to obtain a proper assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus for a long time, as he pursued his studies, he went to repeat his lesson to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *gentlemen*; and dealing out his sentences, as if they had composed an audience of scholars at a lecture. After having prepared himself thus for a fortnight or three weeks, he began to think it was high time to take the *chair*; imagining that he should be able to harangue the scholars, as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration—but, before he had said a dozen of words, he remained dumb, and became so confused, that he knew not where he was, so that all he could bring out, was—*Domini, Ego bene video quod non estis caules*: that is to say—for there are some who will have every thing in plain English—*Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are not cabbages*. In the garden he could conceive the cabbages to be scholars; but in the *chair*, he could not conceive the scholars to be cabbages.

Observation.—Those who are capable of deceit are the most dangerous; but those who practise it are the most vicious.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## TO AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

SIR,

WHEN I read over your two elegant addresses to the Female Sex, I resolved immediately, so powerful was the operation of your *well-turned periods*, to dress myself to your taste; I therefore took up your numbers once more; but for my life, I could not tell what *would* please. I hope, sir, you will condescend in your next to inform us how we silly girls ought to dress. Shall we, to gain your approving smile, appear in the hood, the kerchief, and kissing-strings, worn by your great and venerable grand-mother,—the full dress and deep cuff in which lurked innumerable Cupids, in the days of good Queen Bess; or the extended hoop-petticoat, which graced the days of Queen Anne?—Leave us not in doubt.—I beseech you in the name of the “Female Sex,” to begin with the turban, and not to lag in your glorious race until you figure in the form of a shoe. But, good sir, be so condescending as to write so on this *important subject*, as an illiterate girl may understand you.—You will, I hope, pardon me for my freedom, when I inform you that I could not understand some of your sentences in the former friendly advices—As for example, the following I cannot make sense of, turn it or twist it as I may: “The well known and undenied excellence of the characters of many of your sex, *devoid of every attribute which belongs to you*, would recommend you to notice, and entitle you to respect.”—Now, I think, but perhaps you will not allow a *silly girl* to think at all, that if you take away every attribute belonging to us you will leave nothing to deserve or merit a character. Your next sentence puzzles me as much as the former; “I must inform you, though dress would be considered a *foible* rather than a *crime*, were it not too often attached to the most vile and infamous of mankind.” Here, sir, be pleased to inform me how dress can be a *foible*, and next how dress can be a *crime*.—You seem to think that dress is a crime because it is *attached* to the vilest of mankind—how! reforming sir, would you wish these vilest of mankind to run naked?—I hope you are not an Adamite; for goodness sake explain yourself; deign also to instruct a girl who wishes to improve, what is the use of that pretty word “*though*,” in the sentence.

In the first sentence of your next paragraph, you tell us of a “*virtuous pursuit*.” I have often heard of a virtuous man, and sometimes of a virtuous woman, but a vir-

tuous pursuit is new—I’ll mark it for future imitation. You then say, “*such conduct*,” meaning our love to folly and fashion, “is the first cause of that unjust detraction, from your honour and humanity;” this is also to me unintelligible. Your first number I am as little able to understand, but what I have remarked, I hope will be sufficient to induce you to write so as you may be easily understood.

I shall but trouble you with another observation, and so bid you farewell. I know a few sparkish ladies who are about to form a society solely to answer your criticisms on dress, by a criticism on your grammar. I beseech you, therefore, dear adviser, be cautious.

BETSEY PRIM.

## “KNOW THYSELF!”

—A NEGLECTED DUTY.—

SENECA has asserted that prosperity obstructs the knowledge of ourselves, and that we are imposed on by flatterers, and deceived by dependants. It is, he says, adversity alone which is the test of virtue, and holds out a just mirror to show us truly what we are:—he says, that he who never was acquainted with adversity has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of the half of the scenes of nature. How desperate and hapless, then, must be the situation of those, who drown the voice of reason, and the remonstrances of conscience, floating heedlessly down the delusive streams of pleasure, are sunk in the arms of luxury, and carried away by the giddy wheel of voluptuousness and dissipation? Such men have not time or sincerity to examine into themselves. If conscience at any time is enabled to offer a reflection, recourse is had immediately to stifle it in the fumes of inebriety—they run to destruction with their eyes open, and at last wreck themselves on the quicksands of perdition. Such men are incapable of reviewing themselves—they are lost to all the motives of virtue, the voice of reason, and the calls of conscience. They are swallowed up in thoughtless infatuation, as the troubled water of a dreadful whirlpool, sucks, with irresistible force, every substance into its fathomless abyss, that comes within the circle of its vortex.

Reflection.—*May the disappointment, tho’ not the fate, of Tarpeia, attend the perfidious: recollect that perfidy is a breach of confidence, not a rejection of Jewish habits.*

## Characters.

NO. IX.

## A SPLENETIC MAN

Will fall out with his own shadow, rather than seem to want occasion of offence; and in his vapourish fit, he looks at every thing with an eye of prejudice, and a false mirror, in which the world, “and all which it inherit,” appears totally destitute, and divested of every natural and moral beauty; his petulance prevents him from enjoying any thing rational, and his pride makes him unwilling to confess that there is any object upon earth that deserves desire.

Thus peevish and mistaken, the hypochondriac withdraws from company to his closet, and resolves, in the first moments of phrenzy, to quit society for ever; and in the enthusiasm of hope, concludes that he shall leave all inquietude behind. He flies to solitude and to shades, as a natural resource, and there he fancies he shall find the roses of happiness growing, without thorns, and health blossoming upon every bough: he wishes to bury himself from human commerce, and is only solicitous to enjoy the negative satisfaction of the brutes around him. But alas! felicity is too fleet to be overtaken, and her visits must be voluntary, if we wish her smiles; for the enjoyments which are forced, (like those fruits which are ripened in the hot-bed without the influence of the sun) are always insipid and tasteless. He who has not found happiness in society, will seldom meet her in a forest; nor can the bubble of a brook, or the warble of a bird, the blush of the morning, or the perfumes of a flower, afford much comfort to the man who disavows any desire to impart either joy or consolation to the rest of his species, and is indeed disgusted with himself.

Such a being would carry into his retreat a mind industrious to deceive and distress him, and which would turn into substantial sorrow all the gaiety of his rural visions; till whatever the most luxuriant country could bestow, would soon be found insufficient to secure that tranquillity which a constant serenity and calm of soul only can afford. A man of a spleenful cast always carries a tormenting snake in his own bosom, and an endeavour to relieve his misery by changing his situation, is as ineffectual as the sick man’s attempts to mitigate his malady, by tossing in his bed, or varying his posture.

Observation.—*Though the end be good, yet the means of obtaining it, taken abstractedly, may be vicious.*



FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*Extracts,—by a Reader.*

NUMBER I.

## A PERSIAN LOVE TALE,

*Translated from an Oriental Manuscript.*

ARGENTINUS, a man of great figure and fortune in Sicily, having unluckily opposed the tyranny of Dionysius, was obliged to quit that country, and seek an asylum in Persia. He took with him two sons and one daughter, named Albemira, then on the approach of her thirteenth year, and in her full bloom of beauty.

Argentinus, on his arrival at the metropolis, was taken notice of, and entertained by Heliocentrus, Chief Priest of the Sun, who after enquiring into his rank, and hearing the story of his misfortunes, commanded him not only to make use of his house with the utmost freedom, but also of his interest and fortunes; and without giving him time to consider in what manner to ask his friendship, the Priest had taken care to recommend him to the Emperor Cyrus, who placed him in a post near his person, and suited to his dignity.

Albemira, in a course of conversation, had, by her native innocence, delicate wit, and sanctity of manners, gained so much on the affections of Heliocentrus, that he first gazed, then admired, then was charmed, and at length loved. The Priest had the advantage of a fine person, ready address, and a most surprising happy manner of insinuating himself into the esteem of all with whom he conversed; but was more particularly successful in his application to Albemira, in whose heart, honour, gratitude, and affection all met together, and acted as the advocates of Heliocentrus.

Argentinus soon found himself so happily seated by the favour of Heliocentrus, and his imperial majesty's esteem, as to be able to take from his friend the burthen of his family, and placed himself in a house as near as possible to Heliocentrus, and to the imperial court, that he might alternately perform his duty to the Emperor, and enjoy the social converse of the Priest.

When Heliocentrus found Argentinus so happily settled, however his generosity guarded him before, against seeming to make his wish a command, he now declared to Argentinus his affection for Albemira, which was received as became a man of honour, and one who was obliged for every thing to Heliocentrus; but perhaps owing to some delicacies peculiar to that country,

or that it was necessary Albemira should come gradually in to give her consent, or that the Emperor was first to be consulted, the marriage was for some time deferred.

In the mean time there came often to the house of Argentinus, a rich Armenian merchant, who was a kind of broker or agent to the court, and dealt in diamonds, and other jewels and valuable curiosities, by which he had free access to the ladies of the seraglio, carried on a commerce with the principal eunuchs, and was usually referred by the Emperor to Argentinus, to transact such business as lay in his way, and concerned the court.

By these frequent visits he came to learn that Argentinus had a beautiful daughter unmarried. The merchant had a son marriageable, and altho' the father was in his nature extremely penurious, and Argentinus not yet in a flow of wealth, yet the merchant considered the interest of Argentinus, and the way he was in of acquiring riches, as an ample consideration; he was therefore determined upon making the match for his son, and accordingly addressed Argentinus on the subject, who very freely opened himself to the merchant, and told him what engagements he was under, and what obligations he owed to the generous Heliocentrus. The merchant was not to be put by his pursuit with such kind of honorary reasons;—he pressed Argentinus closely, but finding him immovable, retired to consider by what means he might attain his ends. He consulted the chief eunuch, and after having engaged him thoroughly in his interest, by means that never fail at court, he now determined doing that by power which he could not attain by application.

Argentinus had some suspicion of what would happen, and communicated his thoughts to Heliocentrus, who esteeming his own interest at court as much superior to the merchant's, concluded that he durst not presume to proceed that way; and in this opinion, set himself down unconcerned. But Argentinus, who had all the Italian genius about him, reasoned very differently; and being clearly sensible what a rich, resolute man was capable of doing at an Asiatic court, he used his utmost arts to traverse the merchant's steps, but in vain; the old man had managed his time, and employed his presents too well to be disappointed.—Argentinus no sooner appeared in the presence-chamber, but the Emperor told him, with a smile of joy, that he had disposed of his daughter for him to great advantage; but observing Argentinus look sad, he demanded the cause; and upon being informed of the truth, only said in return, "Argentinus, I am sorry that you and Heliocentrus must be disappointed, my royal word is past, and you know that is an unchangeable decree."

Let any man upon this occasion but imagine,

when all the different passions are blended and working in the human breast, duty to a sovereign, affection to a child, gratitude to a friend, and a man's own previous prospects of happiness, which he supposed would be the result of the first intended match, now agitated and working into a flame, and as it were, pent in the bosom by respect and awe. I say, let any man but imagine what must be the natural consequences, and he will be under no difficulty to judge of the effect it had upon the unhappy Argentinus. In a word, he fainted in the Emperor's presence, and was carried off, (as they then thought) expiring. However, he recovered; and his spirits that were now broke and wasting, only supported him just long enough to hear, that his daughter was, by the emperor's command, hurried away to the temple, and that Heliocentrus had suddenly left his habitation, and was gone no one knew whither. This finished the tragedy of the father, and brings us next to enquire after the disposition of the rest of the parties.

Albemira was married; but the wedding-day, instead of producing the accustomed joy, was only on poor Albemira's part, a scene of misery, distraction and sorrow.—Her father dead with grief; her friend, protector and lover vanished, and for aught she knew, assassinated on her account; her two brothers employed in very distant parts of the empire, and herself in the arms of an enemy who had been the cause of all the mischief; and what, if possible, was worst of all, her husband a man of very mean and contemptible birth, and with a soul as poor as his education. He made no allowances for poor Albemira's situation, but jealous of her whole heart being set on Heliocentrus, and being informed that the Emperor, on enquiring into the truth, had discovered enough to refuse giving him the fortune usually presented with the ladies of the court; and that this, in effect, portended his utter ruin, he immediately packed up all his effects, and accompanied by his father, his wife, and a few servants, made the best of their way into a forest, that lies in the road between Babylon and Persepolis. Albemira all the while lost in a kind of stupid insensibility, was dragged on with the rest, when on a sudden, a voice at some little distance, seemed to awake her out of her trance, and throw her into an uncommon fit of transport. The voice that was very shrill and piercing, seemed intermingled or broke with tremulous agonies, as of a person on the point of expiring; it repeated Albemira thrice, and then added, in a fainter tone, "O! let me see that dear amiable angel once more, and my soul shall visit the bright regions of the Sun in peace." Albemira turned up her eyes towards heaven, as supposing her lover spoke to her from the clouds; but on the voice being repeated, she leapt off from her mule, and ran preci-

pitately into the woods, and there to her amazement beheld a dead lion, and her lover expiring by its side! She, without reflecting on the consequence, threw herself down by his side. He had just life enough to bid her an eternal adieu, and expired on her bosom; and she just ready to follow him, when the enraged husband rode up, and only saying, "I see you prefer the priest to me," plunged his spear into her breast, which seemed to lay willingly open to him, and expired with a smile. The young merchant clapped spurs to his horse, and would have made his escape, but was seized by his own servants, and conducted to Babylon, where he met a punishment suitable to his demerits.

Cyrus commanded due honours to be paid to the remains of Argentinus, and the two illustrious lovers. And that the memory of so much honour, gratitude and affection, might be transmitted as an example to posterity, he further commanded Aristius, the Greek Statuary, to relate the melancholy history in Bas-relief, on the eastern tower of Babylon, where it remained with the smiles of the rising sun upon it, at the time of Alexander's conquering that kingdom.

#### ANECDOTES.

EVERY little incident in the life of a great man is worthy of being recorded. The following Anecdote of Captain Cook, the circumnavigator, is well authenticated:—When a boy, he was apprenticed at Steers in Yorkshire, to what is termed a general shop-keeper. It happened one day, that a young woman purchased an article at this shop, and in payment offered a shining new shilling. The master of the shop, having seen the girl pay this new shilling, and not finding it among the cash in the till, accused young Cook of purloining his property. Our young hero, indignant at this charge upon his probity, said it was false—that the new shilling certainly was in his pocket; but that he had replaced it by another. Unable, however, to brook his master's accusation, he the next day ran away, went to sea, and from this simple circumstance the world is indebted to his great discoveries as a navigator.

SOME people recounting several wonderful feats of horsemanship, an old soldier, who was present, said he had seen an English light-horseman, on full speed, pick a copper off the ground with his eye-lids.

A Conversation taking place on the subject of extraordinary things done by dogs, one of the company said, *he had seen two mastiffs fight till nothing was left but their tails!*

### "Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From Sewall's Poems.)

(CONTINUED.)

#### SWIFT.

Satire's keen shafts blend with true humour's vein:  
We smile, yet tremble at thy dreadful pen!  
In prose, invention's utmost stretch is thine;  
First in that walk, thy GULLIVER shall shine;  
Thy VERSE is attic, but thy PROSE divine!

#### YOUNG.

YOUNG tow'rs sublime! ye bards, your homage pay!  
O'er night's dark gloom, he darts a flashing ray,  
Unveils her thickest shades, and pour's celestial day!  
NATURE, and TIME, and DEATH awaits his nod.  
Grace triumphs! trembles vice! and Atheists own a God.

#### GAY.

GAY like thy name, thy wit our fancy feasts,  
And thy wise FABLES fraught with birds, men, beasts,  
Yield more instruction than ten thousand priests.\*

#### THOMPSON.

The bard of NATURE comes! and nicely true,  
Holds up her portrait to th' admiring view.  
On ev'ry feature stamp'd, such lustre beams,  
More lovely than th' ORIGINAL it seems.  
Pleas'd with her image, deck'd in brighter rays,  
She in the flatt'ring mirror loves to gaze.  
One flame, at last, shall both united fire,  
Nor till HER seasons cease, shall THINE expire!

#### WATTS.

With pious rapture, glow thy strains divine,  
And warbling seraphs breathe in ev'ry line.  
The CHURCH triumphant, militant, conspire  
To chaunt thy numbers; and as they inspire,  
Shout the REDEEMER's praise to thine exalted lyre!

#### COLLINS.

Call'd by thy muse, the Passions round thee throng,  
Obey the high behest, and fire thy song.  
Like AMMON'S son, when great TIMOTHEUS strove,  
Lost and o'erpow'r'd! HOPE, FEAR, GRIEF, JOY, we prove,  
Inflam'd with HATE, DESPAIR, REVENGE, & LOVE.  
Now melt! now burn! as rolls the tide along,  
Such PASSIONS madd'ning sway, and such the pow'r of SONG!

#### CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL, dire scourge of poets, players, peers,  
His vast Herculean stature high uprears,  
Unbought, unbrib'd, with savage fury warm,  
Rough as a satyr! raging as a storm!  
Collected in HIMSELF, he tow'rs along,  
Heroic champion of satiric song!  
In height of blood, his fiery courser flies;  
Like furious JARV the smart lash he plies,  
Leaps hedges, ditches, bars; and seizes on the prize!

\* Popish ones.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 27, 1802.

#### IMPROVEMENTS and INVENTIONS.

Boquebert has communicated to the Philamathic Society of Paris, a very simple process for taking a copy of a recent manuscript. The process is the more interesting, as it requires neither machine nor preparation, and may be employed in any situation. It consists in putting a little sugar in common writing ink, and with this the writing is executed upon common paper, sized as usual. When a copy is required, unsized paper is taken, and lightly moistened with a sponge. The wet paper is then applied to the writing and a flat-iron, such as is used by laundresses (of a moderate heat), being lightly passed over the unsized paper, the copy is immediately produced.

Mr. VOIGHT, chief coiner in the mint of the United States, has invented an engine for turning screws of any given diameter, and of any number of threads, to an inch. This invention was first designed for cutting fuses for watches, so as uniformly to adjust them to the length of the main spring—a thing hitherto very difficult in practice, and without which it is impossible a watch can keep regular time. By the aid of this machine a person of common mechanical abilities, and without any knowledge of mathematics, may adjust the fusee to the greatest exactness, or turn metallic cylinders and cones of any length or diameter to a mathematical certainty.

We understand that Mr. Voight, from patriotic principles, has no intention of obtaining a patent, but to leave it open to his fellow citizens.

#### Useful to Seamen.

THE following receipt, which to navigators in warm climates promises to be useful, and which from the known antiseptic qualities of charcoal, is most likely to be successful, is given in one of the last French Journals:—"When the aliments from intense heat and long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption," says the writer, "the simple but sure mode of keeping them sound and healthful, is by putting a few pieces of charcoal into your pot or sauce-pan, where the meat or fish are to be boiled. The effect of this is that your soup will be made good, and that the fish or flesh will be both sound and agreeable to the taste." This experiment has been tried and should not be forgotten.

[N. Y. pap.]

Mr. GRANT, a well known breeder of rams, at Wyham, in Lincolnshire, in the last Stamford paper, says, that he last year clipped 4,500 sheep, which produced 1,300 tons of locks, and which he sold for 2,300*l*.

[Lon. Pap.]



INTELLIGENCE.

A bill is before the legislature of New-Jersey, for incorporating a company for making a Turnpike Road from Powlas-Hook to Trenton.

Dr. JAMES S. STRINGHAM, is appointed Professor of Chemistry, in *Columbia College*, in the place of Dr. Mitchell.

LONDON, October 1.

FROM the late enumeration of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, it appears that in England and Wales alone, not fewer than 1,843,354 persons competent of labour, are employed in trade and manufactures.

The public income of Great Britain, which may serve as a barometer to indicate the degree of the prosperity of our trade, was, including the loans and other extraordinary resources of the year, ending January 5, 1802, not less than 63,026,507*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* sterling. Of this sum not less than 28,105,397*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* arose out of the permanent taxes.

Extract of a Letter from Paris, Oct. 2.

FRENCH literature follows the same strain of sublimity with French politics. A publication has just appeared, demonstrating, that without fast-days there can be no navy in France. This is the sum of the author's reasoning—"Without fast-days there would be no fish eaten; if no fish were eaten there would be no fisheries; without fisheries there would be no seamen; without seamen there would be no navy;" therefore, without fast-days there would be no navy. Q. E. D.

From the Charleston Times, Nov. 4.

NOTICE.

DIED, at my house, on the Great Swamp, near Coosawatchie, on the 24th ult. a gentleman, who, it appears, from some instruments, &c. which he had with him, probably was a physician or surgeon—but was so far exhausted when first I took him in, I could gain but little information, more than that he had come from Philadelphia, had been at Charleston, and was on his way for Savannah, and that his name was William Wilks, and had a family in Philadelphia. He was on horseback, had passed my house about one hundred paces, or little more, when he fell from the horse; but supposing him intoxicated, did not go to his assistance for some time; when it growing dark, concluded to take him in until he could recover, but was astonished at finding him almost in an expiring condition, as I suppose, with the fever which prevailed in Charleston; and on the second day after, about 10 o'clock, he died—leaving a horse, saddle and bridle, with a pair of saddle-bags, but little in them; and seven dollars in cash.

JAMES LINDSEY.

LONGEVITY.

Within one mile of the meeting house, of the first parish of West Springfield, Massachusetts, there are now living eight persons, whose ages added together amount to 700 years, and three persons whose ages is 280 years.

THE following curious trees have been discovered within the last twenty years, viz. the Bread Fruit Tree, the Butter Fruit Tree, the Tallow Fruit Tree. A Welch Gentleman observed, that if a Cheese Fruit Tree should be discovered, it would compleat the whole class, and afford society at a cheap rate, the happy supply of Bread, Butter and Cheese.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. John Vallance, to Miss Margaret Pratt, both of this city.

A Young man of the name of Neck, was married last week in Devonshire, to a Miss Heels. They are now tied Neck and Heels.

Deaths.

Republished from Poulson's Gazette, by particular desire.

DIED, of the yellow fever, on the 10th inst. Dr. ISAAC PAUL, of this city, at the house of his father, Mr. John Paul, of Bucks County, whither he had gone on a visit after having remained in the city during the prevalence of the late malignant fever. He was taken on the 1st inst. and died on the tenth day of his illness, in the 26th year of his age, universally lamented by all who knew him, and more particularly by those with whom he was closely connected. Dr. Paul, is one to be added to the list of physicians who have so magnanimously lost their lives by administering medical relief to the sufferers in the yellow fever. He attended patients in that disease, until it had subsided in the city: and he lamented as the probable cause of his taking the disease, his having thrown off too soon on leaving it, the restraint with respect to regimen, which he had observed while he remained in it. In his death society have to deplore the loss of one, whose amiable qualities had endeared him to all who knew him; and whose mind was a congenial soil of improvement in science, and in all social and useful virtues. The most genuine eulogy on his amiable virtues of a filial, fraternal, and conjugal nature, is the sincere and unceasing grief and lamentation of those who were related to him by these ties. With respect to the duties which he owed to his patients, they were discharged with a conscientious regard to their welfare, and the utmost punctuality of attendance, which had secured to him their attachment and esteem, and gave his practice the most flattering prospect of success. He employed his leisure hours in improving himself in the more difficult branches of his profession; and in the latter part of his time he was engaged in the pursuit of a course of experiments for explaining the nature of digestion—they were ingenious and happily contrived to elucidate the subject, and succeeded in a manner that must have given him satisfaction, and a reasonable hope of accomplishing his wishes in the investigation of the subject. If he had been spared, and succeeded agreeably to his expectation, it would have given him a conspicuous place among the benefactors of mankind; and all who can estimate the benefit that it would be to the science of medicine in general, to have this primary function of life cleared from the doubt and obscurity in

which it has been involved, must deplore his death as a loss to the medical world.

—, on the 28th ult. of the yellow fever, on his passage from St. Thomas, Mr. John Stockton, of this city, in the 27d year of his age.

—, On the 16th inst. after a long and tedious illness, John Leacock, esq. in the 73d year of his age. He was a native of this city, and Coroner for the city and county of Philadelphia for the space of 17 years, and has uniformly testified his gratitude by executing the duties of his office with the strictest fidelity.

—, On the 21st inst. Miss Sally Margerum, of this city.

—, On the 23d, after an indisposition of three weeks, Miss Sarah Browne, aged 18 years, daughter of the Widow Browne.

—, In Tadyfin Township, Chester county, on the 21st, Abijah Stevens, aged 70 years.

A Charleston paper announces the death of John Ewing Colbourn, esq. a member of the Senate of the United States, from the state of S. Carolina.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Autumn," by Carlos, will appear next week—The Sonnets shall not be neglected.

A Reader is requested to continue his "Extracts," and to enrich them as much as possible from rare and valuable sources.

It is a prominent part of our plan to encourage youthful essays.—With this view, and possessed with an idea that the writer might possibly improve his style, as he became warmed with the animated and animating part of his subject, and his imagination contemplated their beauties with a less prejudiced eye, the two first numbers of *Amator Virtutis* found admission: but we are sorry to say, that his third number is absolutely unintelligible. Should the writer however, request it, we will give it *verbatim et literatim*; as it would afford fine sport for Miss Betsy Prim, and her (to-be-established) society of female critics.

If we mistake not P. Q.'s meaning, several of his remarks are personal, and must have arisen from circumstances with which the public cannot be supposed to be acquainted—this alone is a sufficient reason for excluding his address to *Amator Virtutis*.

*Amicus* came too late for this week—*Florio* in our next.

PROPOSALS.

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

*A Collection of Sacred Music,*

From the works of HANDEL, HAYDN, PLEYEL, Dr. BOYCE, Dr. BUSBY, &c. &c.

In 24 Numbers, each to contain 4 Folio pages, and printed on a fine paper. Price to subscribers, 25 cents each number; to non-subscribers, 12½ cents each page. Those ladies and gentlemen who intend honouring this work with their names, are particularly requested to be as early as possible in subscribing, as the work is intended to be completed in March next.

Proposals may be seen, and subscriptions received by the Editor, R. SHAW, No. 13, South Fourth-street.

OCTOBER 30.

# TEMPLE of the MUSES.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE WANDERING MARINER.

.....TWAS on the Sussex coast  
All dark and fearful frown'd the midnight sky,  
And hoarsely hollow o'er the vault of heav'n  
Roll'd the loud thunder; while the rushing winds,  
Fierce—unoppos'd swept o'er the dark'ned main:  
Red gleam'd the quick sharp light'ning thro' the gloom,  
And by its cheerless lustre bade us mark  
Our deep dug graves down in the vast abyss.  
In vain the fainting seaman urg'd his toil—  
Vain his despairing cries—fruitless his pray'rs;  
Our noble ship, rul'd by the tyrant wave,  
Now cap'd his monstrous brow in dreadful state,  
And now, as roll'd the billowy surge away,  
Down in the dark and awful void she sunk  
Thro' the cleft waves a thousand fathoms deep!  
Again the high and fearful peak she gain'd,  
While roar'd the wild winds 'mong her crackling  
shrouds;  
And ever as the chasm, disparting wide,  
Engulf'd her deep into its yawning jaws,  
High o'er our heads the foaming surge that broke  
Swept some poor victim from the deck.

Then, fairy Fancy, what were thy behests?  
Not such as when the bright'ning morn of life  
Shone cloudless o'er my head!—when in each thought  
Thou pictur'dst pleasures speeding to my hopes!  
—Ah no!—

Dreadful they were, riving my very soul!—  
They spoke a lov'd wife's anguish and despair,  
An helpless orphan's unprotected state,  
Reft of an husband—father.

Now fiercer yet rages the ruthless storm,  
Dark and more dark the angry heavens scowl,  
And the harsh thunder pealing thro' the sky  
Speaks loud our fate.—Fast to the jutting shore,  
On whose dark rocks is sculptur'd instant death,  
Resistless drives the gale.

Hark to that cry!—How fearful did it sound!  
Again!—It seem'd a thousand drowning men  
Shrick'd in the sound at once—Mercy! that shock!  
We split! Oh God of light receive my soul!

.....The morning dawn  
Found me a wand'rer on the lonely beach,  
Friendless—unknown—reft of my comrades all,  
Who peaceful lie beneath the 'whelming wave;  
My useless limbs cramped by the winter's frost,  
And destined still to roam a stranger land,  
Far from my native home and family.

Oh thou  
Who hear'st my sad tale told in simple guise,  
If ever heav'nly pity warm'd thy breast,  
And bade a sigh rise there to sooth the wretch,  
Ah! give it to the WAND'RING MARINER.

LINDOR.

### THE WINTER OF 1798,

#### A SKETCH.

GRIM hoary Winter now triumphant reigns,  
And casts a melancholy gloom around:  
Sweet smiling verdure has forsook the plains,  
Where joy and rural pleasure late was found.  
Sad is each scene which meets the ranging eye;  
Where'er I turn rough surly winter scowls,  
All comfortless appears the gloomy sky,  
And o'er the landscape Boreas fiercely howls.  
No more yon grove forms a refreshing shade,  
The leaves lie wither'd, and the trees are bare;  
No more the breezes whisper through the glade,  
Nor flow'rs with balmy fragrance fill the air.  
No more the morning with gay beauty reigns,  
When first the sun expands his orient rays,  
No more are heard, throughout the groves and plains  
The plummy warblers, chaunting forth their praise.  
No more yon river rolls its liquid tide,  
To bear the vessel to the distant main;  
Advent'rous skaters o'er its surface glide,  
Unmindful of the cold blast's chilling pain....  
Now, from the icy regions of the north,  
Rush the bleak clouds, with wild disorder'd form;  
Old restless Boreas loudly bellows forth,  
And drives with swelling rage the boisterous storm.  
The fleecy snow, around now swift descends,  
Whirls thro' the vale, sweeps o'er the frozen ground;  
Then rising, o'er the rugged cliff ascends,  
And with wild rage, again it rushes down.

\*\*\*\*\*

In frozen robes appears each vari'd scene,  
Which glisten to the sun's meridian ray;—  
And o'er the trackless surface of the plain  
With jovial comp'ny swiftly glides the sleigh....  
Ye rich, who revel in the splendid room,  
Where smiling plenty spreads her ample store,  
And dwell at ease beneath the gilded dome,—  
At this bleak season think upon the poor.

Your's is the pow'r to stretch the friendly hand,  
And to affliction yield a lenient balm;  
For riches in profusion you command,  
The cry of "cheerless poverty" to calm.

Lo! in yon cot, which skirts the frozen way,

Desponding mis'ry sues for your relief,  
A wretched mother and an orphan lay,  
Borne down by poverty, and keenest grief.

Bright were the joys which to her fancy glow'd,  
When first she stepp'd in busy scenes of life;  
Quick thro' her veins the vital current flow'd,  
When happy EDWARD call'd her as his wife.

But soon was chang'd each gay and smiling scene;—  
Fell sickness seiz'd the partner of her life,  
Vain was all art to soothe his burning pain,  
Death triumph'd in the sad unequal strife.

With anguish keen her loss the widow mourn'd,  
Depriv'd of ev'ry means to gain her bread!—  
From her sad mansion by fell av'rice turn'd,  
She sought "for shelter in an humbler shed!"

With keenest sorrow, helpless and distress'd;  
To calm her soul her fortitude she tries,

NOTE.

\* A literal fact.

Whilst her dear babe clings closely to her breast,  
Piercing her heart with its afflictive cries.

But turn my muse, turn from this scene of woe,  
T' where cheerfulness and gay contentment smile,  
Where the gay rustics' hearts with friendship glow,  
And innocence and peace the hours beguile.

Health, peace, and plenty ever is their lot,  
Thro' all the changing seasons of the year;  
And now, when winter's blasts assail their cot,  
With friendly hand, they mis'ry's children cheer.

Soon as the sun sinks in the western sky,  
And silent night each dreary scene conceals,  
When stars with lustre glitter from on high,  
And stiff'ning frost the flowing streams congeals—

Then gay and cheerful 'round the glowing fire,  
The rustics sit, (defying ev'ry care,)  
In jovial converse with some neighb'ring sire,  
And with him their delightful nectar share.

With ready tongue, each tells his fear-fraught tale,  
What phantoms strange at midnight he had seen,  
How hags and fairies rode on ev'ry gale,  
And ghosts and goblins stalk'd along the green....

And now, to graver topics they attend,  
Themes, which to latest times the breast shall fire,  
Of FREEDOM's firm and uncorrupted friend!  
And with a sacred zeal the soul inspire.

They tell how victories were nobly won—  
How PATRIOTS fir'd with FREEDOM's sacred flame,  
Led on by brave undaunted WASHINGTON,  
Gain'd lasting glory in the rolls of fame!

They tell how WASHINGTON with placid mein,  
Thro' fields of terror led to victory!  
And sought his country's FREEDOM to obtain,  
Resolv'd to conquer,—or conflicting die!

How MERCER, WARREN, and MONTGOM'RY fell,  
And all devoted for their country's weal!  
Oft on these themes they fondly love to dwell,  
And feel their bosoms glow with patriot's zeal.

Th' enraptur'd youths list with attentive ear,  
Till the spent lamp a feeble light bestows,  
And on the hearth the embers faint appear,—  
Then bid good night,—and seek a calm repose.

LUCIUS.

### EXTEMPORE LINES

#### ADDRESSED TO "X. W. T."

"Delightful bard!" whose pleasing strain divinely flows!  
Whose bosom, with Religion's inspiration glows!  
High, as the heav'nly throne ascends thy darling muse!  
Revives the drooping heart, and all creation views!  
Bless'd friend of Innocence! whose sole and virtuous  
aim,

Is to repeat and praise thy great Creator's name!  
Thy "Hymns" the Christian's soul exalts to realms on  
high,

And paints the perfect bliss enjoy'd beyond the sky!  
Go on sweet bard! thy all-inspiring strain prolong,  
To length immeasurable swell the glowing song!  
Thine be the task, still aided by Religion's fire,  
To rouse the soul, and ev'ry breast with zeal inspire!

LUCIUS.